

The Historie of

O, the diuell take such coofeners, God forgie me,
Good vncke tell your tale, I haue done.

Wor: Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We will stay your leifure.

Hot: I haue done yfaith.

Wor: Then once more to your Scottifh prifoners,
Deliner them vp, without their ranfome ftrait,
And make the *Douglas* fonne your onely meane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for diuers reafons
Which I fhall fend you written, be affurde
Will eafely be granted you, my lord.
Your fonne in *Scotland* being thus employed,
Shall secretly into the bofome creepe
Of that fame noble Prelate welbelu'd,
The Archbifhop.

Hot-fpurre Of *Torke*, is it not?

Wor: True, who beares hard
His brothers death at *Bristow* the lord *Scroope*:
I fpeake not this in eftimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and fet downe,
And onely ftayes but to behold the face
Of that occafion that fhall bring it on.

Hot-fpurre I fmell it. Vpon my life it will doe well.

Nor: Before the game is afoot, thou ftill left ft flip.

Hot-fpurre Why it cannot choofe but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland* and of *Torke*,
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, ha.

Wor: And fo they fhall.

Hot-fpurre In faith it is exceedingly well aimed.

Wor: And tis no little reafon bids vs fpeede,
To fawe our heads, by raifing of a head:
For, beare our felues as euen as we can,
The king will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke we thinke our felues vnfatisfide,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And fee already, how he doth beginne
To make vs ftrangers to his lookes of loue.

Henry the fourth.

Hot. He does, he does, wee be reueng'd on him.

Wor. Coofifh, farewell. No further go in this,
Then I by letters fhall direct your courfe
When time is ripe, which will be fuddenly:
He fhall to *Glendower*, and loe, *Mortimer*,
Where you and *Douglas*, and our powers at once,
As I will fhallion it, fhall happily meete,
To beare our fortunes in our owne ftrong armes,
Which now we hold at much vncertaintie.

Nor. Farewell good brother, we fhall thrine, I truft.

Hot. Vncke adieu: O let the houres be fhort,
Till fields, and Blowes, and grones applaud our fport, *Exeunt.*
Enter a Carrier with a lanterne in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho. An it be not foure by the day, He be hangd,
Charles waine is ouer the new chimney, and yet our horfe not
packt. What Ofler.

Ofl. Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I prethee Tom, beat cuts faddle, put a few flocks in the
point, poore iade is wrung in the withers, out of all celfe.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Peafe and beanes are as danke here as a dog, and that
is the next way to giue poore iades the bots: this houfe is turned
vpfide downe fince *Robin Ofler* died.

1 *Car.* Poore fellow neuer ioyed fince the price of oates rofe,
it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I thinke this be the moft villanous houfe in all *Lon-*
don roade for fleas, I am ftung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the mafle there is nere a king chri-
ften could be better bit, then I haue bene fince the firft cocke.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow vs nere a iordane, and then we
leake in your chimney, and your chamber-lie breedes fleas like
a loach.

1 *Car.* What Ofler, come away, and be hangd, come away.

2 *Car.* I haue a gammon of Bacon, and two razes of ginger,
to be deliuered as far as *Charing Crolle*.

Car. Gods body, the Turkies in my Panier are quite ftar-
ued: what Ofler? a plague on thee, haft thou neuer an eye in thy
head? canft not heare, and t were not as good deede as drinke to
breaks